

LEAVES FOR HYACINTHS



GEORGE J. BAIRD

UNIVERSITY
OF
PITTSBURGH

AUTHORS



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LOAVES FOR HYACINTHS



GEORGE M P. BAIRD

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Loaves for Hyacinths

*One hundred copies of this little book
have been printed at the Aldine Press
in Pittsburgh and the type distributed.*

*To the memory of two inspired teachers,
George Alexander McKallip Dyess, Ph.D.
and Edmund Burke Huey, Ph.D., this
little book is dedicated.* G. M. P. B.
*University of Pittsburgh.
December 25, 1914.*



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Loaves for Hyacinths

George M. P. Baird



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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

As sang the waits of old, I sing
Beneath the casements of your heart,
With cheery Christmas caroling
To bid your cares depart—
 With, high ho! merrily ho!
 Yule 's a season jolly,
 Young loves beneath the mistletoe,
 Old friendships wreathed with holly.

The world-wind's sharp and bleak tonight,
My heart-coat's worn and thin,
But when I see your casement light
I'm summer-warm within—
 With, high ho! merrily ho!
 What though the cold be cruel,
 The kindly glow across the snow
 Shall comfort me at Yule.

God give you merry Christmas, friend,
And eke a blythe new year,
And may the days to come transcend
Days past, in love and cheer—
 So, high lo! merrily ho!
 Yule 's the time for singing,
 For Noel reigns, and joyous strains
 The Christmas bells are ringing.

THE SONGS OF BROTHER SAMPSON.

Fra Paulus Loquitur

God molds strange jars to hold his rarest wine,
Verbi gratia—Brother Sampson, there
Serving behind the Father Abbot's chair
At our refection; 'twas his crooked spine,
His meek demeanor and birth-blotch'd frame
That won him—our good Abbot loves his jest,—
The Israelitish lion slayer's name;
Ne'er was fair soul more spitefully enfleshed
Or in a lamp so marred burned such a flame.

There buzz more golden fancies in yon brain
Than there were bees to hive his namesake's prey,
Tales of romance to take one's breath away,
Foxes of fiery thought that mid the grain
Of this parched world, once loosed, would scorch
and flame
E'en to the gates of Rome; but he is shy
And only dreams them, ignorant of fame—
Dei beneficia!—nor shall I
Whet his ambition to our abbey's shame.

He takes his monk's oath over piously,
Breaking his little health with fasts and prayer,
Long vigils, too stern for him to bear,
That leave him weak and toiled with fantasy:
Often he lies exhausted in his cell
And I, beside him through the sleepless night,
Watch, less from kindness than to hear him tell
Marvelous tales and legends of delight—
Noxam remitte Christus—I love well.

At other times he will not speak or budge
From the old writing-table by the wall,
But spoils good parchment with his fevered scrawl,
'Til the blay glittering dip goes out in smudge
And the grey morning through the casement
 peeps;

Slowly from shaking fingers drops the reed
And to his truss of pallet straw he creeps—
Like some burned seeker, of the beetle breed
Beneath Our Lady's tapers—then he sleeps,
And I—*humanum est errare*—steal the screed.

Would'st see them? come, I've hidden two or three
In the Great Book to mark the pleasant tale
Of David and Bathsheba. Eh! for sale?
Sir, we are sworn to holy poverty
And take no gold, but if your worship wills
To give an alms, a proper cask of sack—
Which Timothy prescribes for stomach ills—
Would be most welcome and would ease our lack
Of fire when—*Benedicte!*—winter chills.

Songs of Brother Sampson.

PRIMUS.

THE LOVES O' MAGDELENE.

Who shall sing the last love, the true love of
Magdelene,
She whose loves were many, she whose love was sold
For drachma and bekah and brazen Caesar-penny,
Wanton o' the market place in the days of old.

Merchants of Antioch, farmer lads of Lebanon,
Sailormen of Tyre, and Roman milites
Oft had trafficked with her for the kiss o' heart's
desire,
Jew and Greek and Syrian knew her bold embrace.

She had for paramour, Thorus the Barbarian,
Latined Herod's plaything, bear-thewed, bullock-
strong,
Bred to the arena and lured east from Rome,
By largesses of Jewery, to please the circus throng.

Once to a vintner's shop—where Mars and Venus
reveled—came
Joseph's son, the Dreamer, whom woman ne'er had
won;
Up spake fuddled Thorus, "Magdelene can lime
you creature,
I'll wager twenty shekels," and the roisterers shout-
ed, "Done!"

“What will ye give me if I net the dreamy carpenter,
What will ye give me if I win the stake for you?”
“A cloak of Tyrian scarlet fine, a webby jar o’
Persian wine,
And for your brow, the sapphire of the Cyprian
flashing blue.”

Out into the sunlight went the carpenter of
Nazareth,
Leading a drunk fisherman who cursed him to
their laughter,
And painted Magdelene danced a step and followed
after
Singing, “Oh my light o’ love shall be the wood-
wright man.”

All day she mingled with the sweaty crowds that
jostled him,
Lifting up her wimple and smiling in his eyes,
Bold betimes as Jezebel, betimes as maiden simple,
But useless every cozenage and lure she could de-
vise.

All the day she watched him as he healed the loath-
some gutter folk,
All the day she listened as he preached amid the
press,
And, spite of her bravado, once or twice a tear drop
glistened
Down her penciled lashes and she fingered at her
dress.

Crimson and gold, like a window fronting Para-
dise,
Azure, vert and purple, died the day on Galilee,
The bagnio candles twinkled and the luring zithers
tinkled,
But she followed, followed after as he walked be-
side the sea.

Now was her quest all forgotten, and the heart of
her
Troubled with a paining joy that fevered in its
scars,
Now had come the last love the true love o'
Magdelene,
Deeper far than Tartarus and higher than the
stars.

Wasted the spoils she had bought at soul and body
price
In the years of folly, save a box of spikenard rare—
Her hand's sole treasure, sanctified by love—in
gladness
She poured upon His weary feet and dried them
with her hair.

Lost was her wooing, for the rapt Belovéd heeded
not,
Mystically plighted to the white bride of the skies;
Followed still her love that knew its homage un-
requited
Strengthened in its vanquishment and hopeless of
the prize.

Came the night of fear when the stews and temple
leagued in hate,
By Kedron in the torch light at the heels of Pilate's
band,
Snarling, "Death to blasphemy and traitors of the
state!"
Drunken in the midst of them reeled Thorus sword
in hand.

Struggled through the crowd to him, anguish-
driven Magdelene,
Knelt at Thorus' feet and grasped the scabbard at
his thigh,
"Save the Nazarene, O Thorus, save!" she cried
aloud to him,
But Thorus kicked and spat at her and shouted,
"Crucify!"

Then with thongs they bound her Lord and led
Him to the judgment hall,
There were none to plead for Him, there were none
to save;
Through the bitter night in prayer crouched Mag-
delene beside the wall
And in the gloom she heard them drag His cross
along the pave.

Came the sunless morning; up the weary steep to
Calvary,
Weak with bloody scourgings and bent beneath the
tree,
Toiled the Great Belovéd, with those who loved
Him, mourning
Jostled by the mocking mob and sullen soldiery.

High between two thieves, they hung the gentle
King of Israel,
Torturing Him until they drove His Spirit from
the clay;
And swooning at the feet of Him, Magdelene in
sorrow fell,
But Mother Mary raised her when they bore His
corpse away.

Through the Sabbath hours, grief stricken, brooded
Magdelene
Mourning for her Nazarene, and early in the dawn
Sought the sealéd sepulchre with funeral spice and
flowers,
But lo, the stone was rolled away and her Love's
body gone.

Merrily sang the little birds aflutter in the olive
trees,
Cheerily clomb the First Day sun above Moriah's
crest,
Smiled the dewy garden, and blythely winged the
honey bees,
But homeward, weeping Magdelene turned from
her bootless quest.

Blind with tears, she dimly saw one she thought the
gardener
Walking mid the lilies, and unto him she cried,
"Tell me, Sir, where lies my Lord," he answered
only, "Mary."
And lo her ravished eyes beheld the Risen Cruci-
fied.

Who shall sing the last love, the true love of
Magdelene,
How it touched her sisters, bound low in sin and
vice
How it taught the fallen the white glory of the
Nazarene,
Until He called her home to dwell with Him in
Paradise.

Songs of Brother Sampson.

SECUNDUS.

A FANTASY.

Evening had draped her mantel on the hills,
Looped with the silver cords of mist-dimmed stars,
And the last guidon of retreating day,
A coral cloud, flashed in the fading west,
As through a maze of venerable oaks—
Carved with the cunning of the sculptor years,
Their gnarled limbs groined in writhing arabesques
And palled in cerements of dead grey moss—
I strayed into a wizard wilderness
Where feet of mortal men had never trod.
A weary waste of rocks and druid trees,
Grim hills and echoing canyons so profound
That scarce the Angel of the Reed might mete
Their hidden depths. Swift foaming torrents
scarred
Their troubled courses down the gulleyed slopes
To bathe the death-watch hemlocks in cold spray
And fill the gorge with demon thunderings.
The season was late winter, and the air
Was heavy with the breath of melting snows,
Snows that—like ermine of a vanquished king—
Lay in the hollows tarnished and despoiled,
Wet-grey against an arras of black mold.
Below a thin fog smoked above the trees,
Making a specter of each lichened trunk,
And a damp ghost-wind moaned among the twigs,
Molding the mist spume in fantastic wraiths
That swayed to low threnodial melodies
Of sad dirge-minors melting into tears.
Lonely the path I trod, lonely the darkening hour,
Lonely the leaden sky, lonely the naked trees;

No sounds I heard, save the wierd sobbing wind,
The clink of breaking ice and muffled roar
Of battling streams beneath the dwalent cloud.
My path led downward, through a tortuous lane
Of thorn and bramble, in the stoney bed
Of some lost river whose mossed boulders seemed
Like weathering skulls of giants from old time;
Down, 'til the pale glow of the falcate moon,
Low o'er the crest depended, lost itself
In umbrian shroudings of the rising cliffs;
And as I still descended through the gloom,
Shuddering, the cold, damp canyon walls
Closed in upon the trail. Funereal pines
Clung in the crevices; dead snakey vines
Looped in meshed coils against the slimy walls;
A phosphor-tipped owl gleamed over head
A moment and then vanished in the dark,
And somber spirits of the swart Night pitched
Her black pavillion in the solitude.
Downward I wandered, led of fantasy,
By treacherous footholds on a narrow trail,
Cleft in the rock by earthquake or the frost,
And felt a presence of strange living ones
About me, menacing but undefined:
From the dread caverns in the wall, hot eyes
Of angry wild things gleamed like yellow flames,
And louder than the sobbing stream I heard
The ghoulish flappings of dusk haunting bats,
With now and then the gnash of whetted teeth
And subtle padding footfalls in the dark.
Still down I passed through halls of yew, that wept
Black tear-pearls garnered from the wavering mist,
And now the murmuring runnel too was tears
And by its bank my dim path clambered down.
At length I reached the canyon's granite pave
And in the billowed rocks that arched above,
Close by the stream's last stygian pool, I saw
A weed-choked wound, black in the smooth sheer
wall,

Some dead-men's oratory, darkly palled
 With cold funereal garlandings of stone.
 And as I stood uncertain, forth there came
 From that dark cave, four feeble agéd men
 Bearing a shadowy burden on a bier,
 And after them eight others, not so old
 But bowed like them, and all disconsolate;
 And as they moved, with shuffling shoon along
 The canyon floor, they moaned a chant of woe,
 And by the sickly taper lights they bore
 I saw the teardrops on each ash-grey face,
 The dolorous quiver of half-singing lips,
 And their dim shadows on the chasm wall
 Slow marching to the weird beat of the chant.
 Hard on, I followed that cortége of grief
 Down the dark, echoing galleries of the pit
 And up a toiled precipitous road, that clung
 With unsure spiral to the slippery cliff.
 Slowly we clomb through the long night until
 That greater dark, which harbingers the morn,
 Engulfed the misty moon and paled inturn
 Before the greying of the spectral east.
 At length, upon a cloud-hung hill we paused;
 The sad blind bearers laid their burden down
 And couched beside it to await the day.
 They slept in troubled sleep with mutterings vexed,
 Half-thoughts and broken dream words, murmur-
 ings,
 Importing that the body on the bier
 Was the waste clay of one who walked whylom
 Across the world in beauty, one whose song
 Was envied of the birds in Paradise
 And loved by men since Tubal came from God
 To pipe surcease from the primeval curse.
 Now, loved no more on earth,—save by these few
 Petulant age-blind greybeards,—he had died,
 And with the dawn, wherein he once had gloried,
 On this high hill should be his burial.

The mumbling voices drooled to witless groans
And one cried, "Death", and one moaned, "Poesy",
Then all was silent 'til a young wind came—
Warm with the tidings of approaching morn—
Tapping with lithsome fingers at the doors
Of laurel caravansaries 'til answer came
In trill and twitterings of north-bound birds
That through the peaceful night had lodged secure
In the green valanced chambers of God's inn.
With cautious steps and timid, I drew near
The sleeping ancients and their shrouded charge,
And bending, lifted up the ebon pall
That I might gaze upon the form beneath:—
When lo, instead of mortal corse, I saw
Naught but a sheaf of crinkled parchment brown
And close scrawled shards of mouldering palim-
psests.

The mourning circle stirred not, the grey heads
Were bent on breathless bosoms, mummy hands
Clasped in mock prayer—the guardian blind were
dead.

I raised my eyes: the waking east was bright
With orient splendor, up a path of gules,
Azure and burning gold the great sun leaped
And as his flaming sandals spurned the blue
Of the horizon, I amazed, beheld
A youth, in cloud-white garments glorious,
Holding a lute aloft above the bier,
And heard a seraph voice ring through the dawn:
"Lo, I am Poesy, the loved of God,
Though the world perish I shall never die."

SONGS OF BROTHER SAMPSON.

Tertius

THE HARPER LAD.

I wandered in the greenwood to taste the rain-
washed air,
April's smile was shining through April's tears,
and fair
Was the blue sky and blue river laughing to the sea,
And all the little thicket birds made a song for me.

I met with a lady, gowned in tender green,
Lovely was her countenance, I knew her for a
queen,
Round her gold head, jewel zoned, danced veils of
gossamer,
And all the little thicket birds made a song for her.

“Who are you awalking in my sweet wood”? she
cried:
I am but a harper lad who owns the heavens wide,
The heavens and the purple hills and every forest
tree,
For whatsoe'er I love, Lady, troth, belongs to me.

“Harper lad, harper lad, your jerkin's wrent and
torn”:
Like the fringed leaves, Lady, that the boughs
adorn;
The beeches wear no brogans, like their feet my
feet are bare,
But I'm a king and morn has made a sun-crown for
my hair.

“Ragged king, harper king, whither are you
bound?”

Troth, upon my travels to sing the world around,
With carols for the young loves and dirges for the
dead,
I’m off to seek my fortune and barter songs for
bread.

“Minstrel lad, pilgrim lad, and will you come with
me

To Faery, to Faery where wonders you shall see?”
Near, Lady, far, Lady, I will follow true,
And as an earnest of my faith I sing a song for you.

Lady of the Golden Tresses,
Here is a song out of my heart—
The wee bird that nests in the yellow cresses
Told of this tale the greater part—
But the wee bird and I are sister and brother,
The song of one is the song of the other,
And there’s no envy in an art
That the same delight expresses.

There ruled a king in Erin fair,
In days of old, in days of old,
His crown and mace and royal chair
Were wrought of gold, of ruddy gold,
And he was rich beyond compare,
But the heart of him was cold.

He ruled his realm with iron hand,
For strong was he and stern was he,
And all the people in the land
Of high degree and low degree
Hastened to do his least command
And bow the servile knee.

Under his sway was many a fief
In realms abroad, in realms abroad,
Ind and Araby knelt beneath
His far-stretched rod, his regal rod,
And all men hailed him for their chief
Save a singing Fool-in-God.

When, of a red-browed Autumn day,
He asked his page, his quaking page,
If lived a wight that mocked his sway,
And heard in rage, in yellow rage
Of the singing Fool—he swore by his fay
To cleanse this sulliage.

They brought the Fool to a dungeon drear,
In shackle-chains, in shackle chains,
And there he lay, for a day and a year
In prison pains, in prison pains;
“He has learned”, said the king, “a subject’s fear,
He has learned”, said the king, “who reigns.”

But the Fool-in-God sang: “I am king
As much as thee, as much as thee,
The earth and the stars and the wild seas bring
Their love to me, their horde to me,
I have more than thee, for all I sing
Is mine for empery.”

They bore him back to the dungeon drear,
In shackle-chains, in shackle-chains,
And there he lay, for a day and a year,
In prison pains, in prison pains,
But he laughed and sang with a right good cheer:
“’Tis the Fool-in-God who reigns.”

There came an army out of the west,
There came an army over the sea,
And the king of Erin was dispossessed
Of his golden crown and kingdom's fee;
Chained, to the dungeon drear addressed,
He came in poverty.

“Brother king, welcome,” sang the Fool,
“You are serf no longer to pomp and gaud,
Come share my throne on the prison stool,
Or ride at my side through my world fief broad,
Bound is the body but free the rule
Of a singing Fool-in-God.”

Learned the king in his days of woe
From the Fool-in-God, his brother king,—
What the seers well know and the poets know—
To conquer the world with caroling:
Content he dwelt in the dungeon low
For his heart had learned to sing.

Lady of the Golden Tresses,
Will you hear the song of the bard-fool free—
The wee bird that nests in the yellow cresses
Told it, one summer's eve, to me—
How the Fool-in-God and the king his brother
Shared their prison with one another.
And the Fool this song sang merrily,
Which the poets world expresses.

Thus sang the Fool-in-God.

I have shuffled the dust of many a road,
I have drunk from many a well,
I have climbed to the seraph's bright abode
And crawled on the brink of hell,
I have heard the songs that the sirens sing
When the ships go down at sea,
I have heard the *pting* of the tautting string
On a witch's gallows tree.

I have breathed the scent of the red love flower
That blooms in Paradise,
I have played with light aurorial elves
Beneath the polar skies,
I have felt the strain of the golden chain
To the swing of the censer earth,
I have watched the firmament in pain
At a baby planet's birth.

Roaming, roaming,
Vagabond of fantasy,
Roaming, roaming,
Out of space and time,
Roaming, roaming,
Foot free and heart free,
Vagabond of fantasy
Out of space and time.

I have bathed my soul in a moon lake white,
I have conned the scroll of the wind,
And learned that black is the garb of night
For a sin that the flowers sinned
Against our mother Eve of old,
That dwelt in Eden-gard,
For they warned her not of the serpent's plot
And their loved bright day is marred.

I have sat at meat with the lightnings fleet,
I have fought with a kelpie king,
I have danced all night, by Puck's wan light,
With Maeve in a faery ring,
I have heard the song of the silent ones
And the lies from dead men's lips,
I have sailed where the great lost ocean runs
And over the world edge drips.

The gold I spend 's from the rain bow's end,
I am rich with the mermaid pearls,
I know the lore of the geni store
Where the mid-earth dragon curls,

I have knifed a scar on the Minotaur,
I have walked on Gyoll bridge
And joyed in the speed of a reindeer steed
Through the mists of a northern ridge.

Roaming, roaming,
Vagabond of fantasy
Roaming, roaming,
Out of space and time,
Roaming, roaming,
Foot free and heart free,
Vagabond of fantasy
Out of space and time.

Lady fair, lady fair, I will follow true,
To Faery, to Faery I'll go along with you,
You shall be my queen and grant the pixie poet's
 boon
In lands far eastward of the sun and westward of
 the moon.

Royal lad, poet lad, let me follow thee,
There are none in Faeryland to teach such min-
 strely;
You shall be my poet king and gayly to the sound
Of harp and song we'll dance along and sing the
 world around.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A soul that passed in radiance through the gloom
Of Death's dim tiring room
Which men call Life, and knew the mystic duty
That poets know; the inexorable Beauty
Fellowships o' the dust, spousals with fate,
A great heart's bleeding,
And Cosmos—like a broken woman—pleading:
Oh make thou me again articulate.

Who dares to tread the vagrant roads where trod
This Vagabond of God;
Trace the black depths where the Worm deathless
 coils
His slimy pace, press scathless through the toils
Of undivulgèd horror to ascend
Causeways of singing stars,
And at the crystal bars
Oh Heaven his heart's marred beggar bowl extend?

His spirit walked a wilderness of fears
E'en from the arrased spheres
Of thronèd seraphim, the towers of light
And empery of bliss,
He shrank, lest for the height
Unworthy, he should plunge to the abyss;
But 'boldened by the wine
Wrung from the Fruit Divine
Of old on Golgoth's hill, and by the touch
Of *Her* stained heart, which having suffered much
Loved much, with love unselfed and sorrow-pure,
He braved the spectral terrors of the mind,
And with a purpose sure
Sent his soul singing through the infinite:
And after, to his tortured dust and hers
The mother mold was kind.

O Faith Courageous, conquering the clay,
In painèd love to play
Celestial music on the rifted lute
Of thy poor life, that daemons strove to mute
With letheal poppies red.
O Lover, undesired
'Til thy great heart expired,
And back to God the mystic song was sped—
Thy coronal lights were charnal tapers blay;
A requiem wail thy chant of victory;
Thy throne a tomb; the crown on thy bent head,
Cypress and amaranth and laggard bay,
The poet's diadem of misery,
Late wreathéd for the dead.

If, from thy seat in that melodious ring,
That cirques High Heaven's King,
Thou seest thy brother serfs of poesy
Toiling the sorrowing pathway up to thee,
Pluck thou a flower from those
Garlands that twine each string
Of thy sweet harp, and in compassion fling,
To comfort them, a lily or a rose.

RONDEAU FOR YULE.

God give you joy this Christmastide,
Joy that will through the year abide,
 As constant 'mid the winter snows,
 As when red June puts forth the rose.
And Summer glads the countryside;

Lo, with the twelvemonth's death has died
Our little passion's weedy pride,
 Now love in the heart's garden grows,
 God give you joy!

Broken the barriers that divide
The souls of men, and caroled wide
 The angels' good-will message goes
 To the world heart, and mankind knows
Only one wish: this Christmastide
 God give you joy!

PADDY O' THE ROSE.

He was a trifle touched in mind, they said,
His proud will broken, his life's empery lost
That night they brought his only son home dead,
Killed by a dust flare in the mine that cost
Our little town some two score lads and men—
The Company's fault, the workings were lime-dry,
They've put in patent sprinkling pipes since then,
Reforms come swiftly after people die.

The fiery head that led the drunken fray
In pay-night forays 'gainst Lewellen's clan
Was bent to blows unseen and streaked with grey;
The braggard strength, that challenged God and
man

To battle, now the soul-house of a child;
The horny fists, that once with hammer blows,
Fashioned his bossdom, gripless grown and mild
With clumsy fingers husbanded a rose.

Red roses someone on the other side
Had sent his wife—a woman out of Clare—
She planted them two years before she died—
He'd mocked her for it—these were now his care:
To tend the blooms he robbed himself of rest—
They'd made him night-watch, for he could not hold
His gang in awed subjection now the zest
Of mastery had gone and left him old.

Among his bushes every afternoon
In rain and summer sunshine Paddy wrought,
Called them fond names and crooned a celtic tune,
Tending them well with spade and watering-pot:
Time's flight was nought; nations might come and
go

Or half-earth be embued in brother blood,

His world news was a new-blown Jaquemot,
His tragedy the canker in a bud.

The muddled brotherhood, that night by night
Held dismal carnival in Schmidt's café—
Seeking oblivion or the share of light
Their dusky servitude denied by day—
Knew him no more and paid their little court
To a new king of revels, mid the clink
Of grimy glasses, mocked in beery sport
The old, and plied the new with servile drink.

Our squalid town was like a sooty sore
On God's green earth, the sable curse of coal
Smudged all; the miners' shacks above the store,
Slab built, unpainted squatted on the knoll
In rows of dingy sameness, and around
The dirty landscape; swathed in mourning,
Gloomed;
In all that scene no touch of God was found
Save in the dooryard where the roses bloomed.

A mile or two northeast of town there lay
A little grove, by lodge and chapel used
For picnics; where on Sundays an array
Of Syndicals the moneyed class abused;
Camp-meetings knew the spot, and in campaigns
There cordial candidates gave barbecues
And patriots gorged and drank to martial strains
While sweaty speakers aired their party views.

One burning summer Sunday every man
And lad in town trudged groveward to a rally,
"The Company's for O'Doyle", the rumor ran,
Hence so were they—the Company owned the
valley:
"O'Doyle for Congress", yelled the freeman mob

Pressing the platform where the boss was seated—
A patriot's vote may cost a patriot's job—
So every orator with cheers was greeted.

The trestle-tables sagged with meat and bread,
And there was corn and half a roasted steer,
While back and forth the darkey waiters sped
With cheap cigars and foaming tins of beer:
A paddle wheel appeared beneath a tree,
Monte and craps and many another game,
A smiling stranger cupped the illusive pea,
And all too soon the envious evening came.

Lewellen's son was leader of a group
Of breaker-boys and drivers, Goth and Hun,
Brigands of orchard and of chicken coop,
Who found in petty crime their only fun;
Tipsily townward after much free beer,
Bawling a ribald ballad out of tune,
They reeled, 'til young Lewellen halted near
The scented rose yard, dim beneath the moon.

A parley and a taunt of, "You'r ascared!"
A staggering sortie through the white-washed
gate—
Like locust plague—no bush or bloom they spared,
And Paddy's world lay spoiled and desolate:
Then blossom burdened back into the street,
Cursing the thorns; in maudlin merriment,
Pelting each other with the missiles sweet,
They lurched; and scattered petals as they went.

The sun was rising and its pitiless light
Heightening the hideous squalor of the town,
When Paddy, from his labor of the night
Returning, saw his garden trampled down.
Dazed and incredulous he stared, and then

A vast dumb choking anger tensed his frame;
Like a 'reft tigress at her unwhelped den
He stood; then something snapped within his
brain.

A neighbor woman saw him swoon and fall,
Two miners helped her lift him into bed,
A gin-breathed doctor, answering their call,
Mumbled, "The Heat, put ice-bags on his head";
Strapped to his couch, three days they made him
lie
Until the wild delirium was gone—
Save for a glint of madness in his eye—
Then helped him put his earth-stained clothing on.

He quit his job: each day from morning light
'Til evening, nursed his ravished flowers and kept
Love watch beside them far into the night,
With madman vigilance that never slept.
News in small towns flies faster than a bird—
Young Jim Lewellen's guilt reached Paddy's ears,
His crazy brain with lust of vengeance stirred
And fanned to flame the feud-fires of old years.

Slowly his broodings grew to a design;
He planned to kill young Jim some night as he
Passed homeward from his day's work in the mine—
Blood only could wash out his villiany—
So when, on hot heels of an August day,
A black storm thundered up the copper sky,
Pick-armed in the dark bushes Paddy lay
In wait for Jim when he should hurry by.

The sheeted floods, with violet lightnings shot,
And bellowing maniac winds, that crashed their
way
Along the cowering streets, he heeded not

But 'mongst the roses waited for his prey:
Then suddenly with shrill valcyrior yell
Above the storm, its wild wail pulsing higher,
Like menace trumped by myriad horns of hell,
The mine's mad siren raised its cry of "Fire".

Old habit heard the challenge, cleared his brain,
Forgotten died the hate and murderous craft;
A cry, a leap, and through the blinding rain
The old boss rushed to duty at the shaft.
He reached the pit; some tried to hold him back;
Cursing, he hurled them from him, seized a light,
And leaped into the cage; the abysmal black
Swallowed him up in its eternal night.

And folks still tell how Paddy, through the reek
Of rotten galleries, led the rescue corps,
Dragged the unconscious to the shaft, and weak
To death himself, crawled down the drifts for more.
Their's was a work no mortal strength could bear
For long, and soon the giddy rescuers sought
The cage that 'rose to life and God's good air;
Fresh hands came; toiling Paddy heeded not.

The deadly fume grew thicker and the glow
Crept toward the shaft; the timbers sagged and
broke;
Masses of roof slate shuddered and let go;
Crossed light-wires flashed and spluttered in the
smoke:
The searchers panted, "Back!" but Paddy knew
That somewhere in the workings helpless lay
Lewellen's son, and a strange passion drew
Him on to save the foe he'd planned to slay.

They found old Paddy at the shaft foot, dead;
And senseless but alive, Lewellen's Jim.

With Paddy's stiff, cold arm beneath his head
And Paddy's blistered corse protecting him.

* * * * *

Three decent days, beside the bed of death,
The neighbors watched, and through the silent
room

The breeze of waning summer bore the breath
Pure and sweet from his loved garden's bloom.

They bore him to his grave beyond the hill
Under the blue sky and the sentinel trees,
The choir quavered, "Whosoever Will";
The pastor spoke on "Love your enemies";
A simple prayer, and sad tense silence, broken
By women's sobs; then at the reverend close,
When the last solemn "dust to dust" was spoken,
Jim knelt and on the coffin dropped a rose.

LANGLEY.

The dreamer triumphs; the belated laurels
Are wreathéd for the tomb of one whose brow
Bore chaplets of absinthium and thorn;
The chalice of success brims to dead lips
That living, drained the cup of bitterness;
And ears that heard the mocking of fools' laughter
Are sealed forever to the songs of praise.
The dreamer triumphs and our puny plaudits
Are shamed to guilty silence: such as he
Need not the lauding pæan or the blare
Of victor trumpets to speak forth their deeds;
For they are of that glorious company
That lift the pillared Heaven on cairns of sorrow,
Asking no guerdon but the right to suffer
For that true Light their fellows cannot see,
To follow the great quest until their vision
Become the priceless heritage of Time,
And then to die; their soul's reward but knowing
That loves of dreamers and the blood of dreamers
Fashion the stair on which man mounts to God.

The dreamer triumphs, let his song be sung
To cheer the weary seekers of today,
That they may dare to dream and willingly
Give all the world, aye life itself, to keep
The vision pure and the faith undimmed;
Even as he, who having fought the foe
And toiled the wilderness, at sunset stood,
Another Moses, on the mount and saw
The fate-forbidden country of his dream
Which he had won but never should enjoy—

Then passed heartbroken, but a conqueror,
Knowing that he had gained for human kind
The empyrean and the realms of space.

The dreamer triumphs; what needs he of song?
His fame is writ in the invisible wake
Of pinioned ships that ride the oceaned air,
In cloud-spume flung from prows that press the
 sun,
In plane-borne galleys, swift black 'gainst the
 moon,
And fleets of silver-wingéd caravels,
Darting like swallows down the crystal winds
To bind the nations with new bonds of peace.

VINTAGE.

I am the broken grape beneath Thy feet,
O Master of the Winepress, and the sweet
Blood of my soul I have surrenderéd
That the world-cup another drop might brim
To Thine ineffable lips; beneath the tread
Of Thy Will unconceived, lo I am vanquishéd.

Oh glorious my life of old to rest
Secure upon the vine and feel the zest
Of living, like god-madness surge and run
Through all my being, to drink deep of dew,
To know the warm embracings of the sun,
And dream of evening's kiss when perfumed day
was done.

You plucked me, all unwilling, from delight
And plunged me in the stainéd vat of night
To toss with fellow fruits, 'til my poor dole
Of happiness were fully yielded up,
Leaving the acrid skin; Oh take the whole!
Cast forth the trodden pulp as Thou dost take the
soul.

Forgive, forgive my impious complaint,
But draw the pure wine quickly, lest the taint
Of the o'ertortured flesh embitter all;
Keep sweet the vintage, let the cup embrace
The glad red flood, but save it from the gall
Of bleak distress, and let thy radiant face
Smile o'er the chalice rim and bless me in my fall.

FREE AND STRONG.

I am free as the wind, said I,
Free as a bird in a summer sky,
Merrily down the open way
I'll fare, and who shall say me nay,
Who cry halt as I go by?
I am free as the wind, said I.

I came to a hut by the side of the road
Where jocund Life had her abode,
She kissed my lips, she bade me stay,
And I longed no more for the open way;
Oh Life cried, halt, as I went by,
And I stopped, though free as a bird was I.

Then said I, I am strong as the sun,
Here will I dwell 'til day be done,
Though demons struggle and sirens woo,
I'll stay to the close of day with you:
None may conquer, who dare try?
I am strong as the sun, said I.

Hobbled Death to the door at noon
With crippled back and shuffling shoon
Strove with me and quickly won
And bore me off ere the day was done,
Conqueror Death who dared to try
My strength, though strong as the sun was I.

SHAKESPEARE.

I dare not hope to mock the lines
Of measured majesty, which he
In jeweled words wrought cunningly,
Or shuttle-thoughted, weave designs
Imperial, or taste the wines
Of his estatic sanity;
I cannot mount into the free
Sky realms where his genius shines:
But this instead is given me:—
To sing the lowly folk he passed
With smug arched brows, bending the knee
To kingly clay; 'tis mine to cast
Laurels, where he hurled sneers, and see
Scorned Demos come to victory.

A NEW KNIGHT'S SONG.

My Sangrail is the heart bowed down,
The broken life, the spirit blind,
My battle ground the seething town,
My quest the good of all mankind.

My sword is forged in holy fire,
My croix-blazed shield is from above,
My helmet is His pure desire,
Whose banner over me is love.

Where backs are bent in leaden toil,
My arm is puissant to aid,
Where writhes the death-fanged Python coil
Swift plies my two-edged battle blade.

My watch is for the slaves of bread,
The workworn man, the weary child,
The mother weeping by her dead,
The spirit poor, the soul defiled.

The weaponless in life's affray,
The gloom-bound throngs that helpless grope
Toward the radiance of day,
Blind beggars at the doors of hope.

Want's paladins charge in grim power
And crime's dread arms my keep assail,
Yet flies the cross-flag from the tower
And in its shadow I prevail.

I clothe the naked ones, I feed
The hungry mouth, the starving soul,
And by my balm of word and deed
The wounded are again made whole.

With no palm-largesses I bless,
No flesh I buy at spirit price,
But guerdon sorrow and distress,
With golden alms of good advice.

I am no almoner of gold,
I bear no precious gifts of pelf,
My boon is neither bought nor sold,
My mite of handsel is myself.

No life I know too low to rise,
No mind too high to stoop and aid,
No striving heart I can despise,
No fallen soul I dare upbraid.

I find not coward lives, but brave,
And truth than falsehood mightier far;
The lark sings by the dragon's cave,
Behind the storm cloud shines a star.

Mid mud and scum of misery,
God's brave blue flower blossoms sweet,
And in the sloughs of sin, I see
The print of Galilean feet.

So toward the grail of love I quest,
Triumphant though the way be hard,
To lift the fallen and oppressed;
The joy of service my reward.

My Sangrail is the heart bowed down,
The broken life, the spirit blind,
My battle ground the seething town,
My quest the good of all mankind.

WEARINESS.

I am so weary that, if Death should come
To my unbarrèd door tonight and knock,
Craving her dark admission, I should rise
Gladly, and cast the willing portals wide
With lover's welcomings, from her mute lips
Drink the forgetful kiss and on her breast
Pillow my tired head in blissful sleep.

I am so weary, flesh and heart and soul,
With strivings and unsatisfied desires,
With wanderings through worlds of wilderness,
Dreamings impossible, fate-foiled emprise,
Impenetrable mists of swirling doubts,
Barbéd uncertitudes, treacheries of will
And bleeding spirit wounds from swords unseen.

I am so weary with it all at times
That I could call the somber angel, Mother,
And—like a little child when twilight falls
And the blue night draws on in starry peace,
Leave my poor broken play-things on the floor,
Creep to the shelter of her guardian arms,
And slumbering, in trust await the dawn.

ALMA MATER VICTRIX.

The long climb ends, the cresting way is come
To the last rise, and strains to top the hill—
The perilous road-climb thy indomitable will
Hath traversed through the years; now nearly won
The prize of power, that all unfrowardly,
Thou covetest, the hunger to win strength
For greater service, and to find at length
Thy love unfettered, thy entailed hands free
For new designs and mightier ministry.

Thine no monastic arrogance of pride,
Or purple pomp of crowned intolerance,
Through poverty was won thy stern advance,
In travailing fires was thy metal tried:
Brave, simple, steadfast mother of true men,
Born of the people, scorning not thy birth,
Thou garnerest for them the truths of earth,
Sharing their life and lot; thy diadem
Their thanks, thy pay the right to serve again.

Lo the fruition of thy husbandry,
O'er long delayed, is come; thy city stands
With opulent treasures in her outstretched hands
And bays to crown thy well won victory;
But swift is thy regift in fourfold made,
And though she beggar all her horde, the debt
She owes thee, goldwise never can be met
To the full tale, or thy worth's bounds be laid;
Thou givest gold for brass and emerald for jade.

Now in thy memorable year, she calls
On thee to lead her on to loftier heights,
To be her battle-comrade when she fights
'Gainst the massed darknesses that 'league her
walls—

The sordid anarchies of avarice,
The lust of power, the scorn of human right,
Ignorance, folly, and self-sphered delight—
From these to save her by thy loves device,
Thy strength her shield, her gain thy sacrifice.

You twain shall win new realms, old dreams fulfill,
Raise fallen temples, read the seven-sealed heart
Of taciturn Nature, in the teeming mart,
Of trade give counsel, and in mine and mill
Fashion yet greater marvels; by the bed,
Of pain your potent, healings shall be known;
The cause of earth's oppressed shall be your own:
You shall lead up the roads the nations tread,
Twin pioneers of God, to blaze the trail ahead.

SUIT FOR SCARLET AUTUMN.

I

Dawning.

Silver-grey the morning and fog-hung where the
river flows
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming to the sea,
Flushes faint the drowsy east from ivory to rose,
Purl the matin minors of the dew in every tree.

Jeweled nets of gossamer are gleaming in the
grasses,
Iron-weed and aster are purpling the slopes,
Fieldward a marauding horde of chattering black-
birds passes,
Sounds the barked staccato of a red-squirrel in the
copse.

Now through the brightening haze the azure hills
are lifting,
Up misty sapphire heavens the pale sun flames to
gold,
In the wood the saffron and scarlet leaves are
drifting,
A blue-jay in the laurels cries; the year grows old.

II

Noon.

The sun-drenched landscape, walled by langorous
haze,
Sleeps green and buff and brown for many a rood;
The air is filled with vague disquietude;
The bottoms flush pink pied with milkweed bloom;
With shrill persistent chords the crickets raise
Their minor dissonance of song at noon.

To fringe the verd and umber stubble fields
The artichokes have plashed their vivid gold;
Buckwheat 's aflower, and ripe alders hold
Aloft their fruity umbels; sounds the tap
Of Fra Woodpecker, where the orchard's yield
Of treasure, Summer heaps in Autumn's lap.

III

Harvest Song.

We scattered our seed when the winds were cold—
Sing, ho for chill November!—
And the little grains nestled close to the mold
'Til the snowy blanketings, fold on fold
Covered them in December.

Our fields grew green in April weather—
Sing, ho for the sun and shower!—
The lithe blades whispered and laughed together
And gnomes that toil in the soil forever
Reared them with magic power.

Summer, like Midas, king of old—
Sing ho for the genial heat!—
Changed all our fields into yellow gold
And we sang as the whirring reapers rolled,
Like dragons, through the wheat.

The ripe sheaves drop in the dusty maw—
Sing ho for the thresher stout!—
The smooth grains leap from the hammering jaw
And children dance in the falling straw
'Til the yellow moon comes out.

Praise be to God for the bounteous earth—
Sing ho for the fruitful ear!—
Bread, and to spare for other's dirth;
Crown the Harvest with song and mirth
In the Autumn of the year.

IV

Nutting.

The swamp lands flame with sumac fires,
 The oaks are copper and russet brown,
 And wastrel locusts by the road
 Cast their golden planchets down.

And will you go anutting in the misty morning?
 And will you go anutting on the painted mountain side?
 You shall have red rowans for your brown hair's
 adorning
 In a swing of foxgrape vine, bird like, you shall
 ride.

The sky is blue above the wood,
 The distant hills are veiled in haze,
 And, 'gainst dark hemlocks on the slope,
 The scarlet maples blaze.

The chestnuts burst their barbed keep,
 The squirrel his winter store retrieves,
 The shell-barks from their dark husks leap
 And hide among the leaves.

And will you go anutting where the free winds
 play?
 And will you go anutting in the dreamy after-
 noon—
 Climb to the laureled crests or in the valley
 stray—
 And sing your journey homeward beneath the
 Autumn moon?

TO BURNS.

A song for thee, O bard of lowly folk,
Sprung from the ancient lineage of the soil
To voice the sorrows and the joys of toil,
To hymn the free heart beating neath the yoke,
Man's dignity, the strivings of the clod,
Heroes of spirit wars through anarch world—
With tattered banners stained but still unfurled—
Winning at last to the white feet of God.
Thou art no little wright of pretty rhyme,
Thine is the thought tide of the passionate sea
Spelled in that magic of adversity
Whose murky sphere reveals the lore of Time.
He only sings man's song who truly shares
His struggle, who walks with him through the fires
Of doubt, and sin and impotent desires,
Who laughs and suffers, who a twin-cross bears.
Thy weapons against Fate are honest mirth,
The love of beautiful and humble things,
The tale of Nature when she mourns or sings
And sympathy with all the things of earth.
Thou dost not play the classic ape and raise
A paeaned pseudo song of Greece and Rome,
Thy time, thy people and thy cotter's home
Suffice for theme of satire and of praise:
Not with the pedants craft thy lays are sung,
But clothed in humble speech thy minstrelsies,
The old free lilt of peasant melodies
And the grave music of the lalland tongue.
A song for thee, O bard of lowly folk,
Rhymed for an age that calls for one like thee
To lift anew the prayer for liberty
And wrend with scorn the pharisaic cloak;
To champion the conquered, stay the strife
Hearten the fallen, show the servile soul
Mankind, in vision, at the victor's goal,
And the eternal dignity of life.

THE MOTHER RIGHT.

She bore her land strong sons and daughters fair,
Her all was spent to nurture and to train,
Her mind was cunning for the nation's gain,
She is our mother and shall we not dare
To trust to her the fruitage of her care?

An alien in the land she helped to make,
The felon and the fool her legal peers,
Bound with barbaric bonds of pagan years;
Our shame to suffer, our reward to break
And free the half-world for our mother's sake.

She leads no arms to bloody victories,
Hers are the sorrows not the sins of strife
Her unsung, peaceful conquests purchase life,
Love is the only realm she longs to sieze,
And death flies from her uncrowned ministries.

She asks no robe of civic pomp and laud,
No throne in forum or in market place,
Her prayer is that her labor for the race
May not in greed and hate be undertrod;
She wills to count her voice for man and God.

O ROMANCE.

Thou wast with us when earth was new,
And naked, flint-armed, red of hair,
We tracked the mammoth herd or slew
The tuskèd tiger in his lair;
For thee we gave our lives in chance,
For thee through devil-darks we crept
Where 'mongst the foe our wild loves slept,
And claimed them in thy name, Romance.

Thou dwelt with us in Shinar's plain,
Spinx shadowed Thebes and merchant Tyre,
In jeweled Ind we decked thy fane,
In Hellas fed thy trypod's fire;
Thou ledst mad Macedon's advance,
Great Carthage knew thee ere her fall,
For thee proud Caesar conquered Gaul,
And Rome won empire, O Romance.

Thy face was dark on Senlac's heights,
At Acre and at Ascalon
Thy name urged on the red cross knights,
For thee Carl's sword at Tours was drawn;
In gallant Flanders and in France,
In Londontown, by castled Rhine
The homage of all men was thine
In love or battle, O Romance.

Thou didst not fade when died the flower
Of paladins and chivalry,
Dour Philip's might and England's power,
Strove for thy favor on the sea:
Columbus dared the dread expanse
Of unknown floods, and dauntless Drake
Sailed round the earth for thy love's sake
And won new realms for thee, Romance.

Thy smile is bright on desert sands,
We break the jungle trails for thee
At thy behest to unknown lands
Our venturous vessels brave the sea;
From the dead pole where north-fires dance,
From climes where palm-plumed atolls lie
And cloud-wreathed craters pierce the sky
We hear you calling, O Romance.

Thou livest still, thou can'st not die
While human hearts are human hearts,
Thy guise may change as years go by,
But never thy fair soul departs,
Thy march is one with our advance,
For thee we live and struggle on;
Old as the sun and young as dawn,
Thou art eternal, O Romance.

THE FLAGS OF ALBION.

The return to England of flags taken during the Revolution, advocated by the Western Reserve Society, S. A. R., does not meet with the approval of some of the members of the society in this city.—Daily Paper.

Bear home the moldering banners,
That droop 'neath alien skies,
To float where Albion's castle cliffs
Above her sea-moat rise,
Let the island airs that love them
Kiss back their faded dyes.

Bear home the twining crosses,
As she would bear our stars,
Why boast we of red trophies?
We go no more to wars,
A hundred years of friendship
Have healed the battle scars.

Bear home the exiled banners,
Aye, though we've held them long,
We twain are one great people
In faith and law and song,
What valor won from valor
Shall strong return to strong.

Bear home the British banners
To their loved native soil,
No more the mad chicanes of Mars
Our blood-linked hearts embroil,
We've friendship for our triumph
And peace for trophy spoil.

Bear home the moldering banners,
That droop 'neath alien skies,
To float where Albion's castle cliffs
Above her sea-moat rise,
Let the island airs that love them
Kiss back their faded dyes.

THE LEVEL ROAD.

Back to the level road!
After the steeps
Of mountain trails,
After the deeps
Of unsunned canyons.

Now for a while to walk
In quietness,
While passions slumber
And desires press
No more to be fulfilled.

A time for peaceful healing,
Strife's cessation,
A knitting of snarled strands,
A preparation
For coming wars.

So where the sun shines,
Where the winds blow free,
While the truce holds,
I cheerfully
Take to the level road.

*J. A. Koffler, Master Printer and F. Lee Hamilton
and Robert W. Hays, Journeymen Printers, made*
1. D. MCMIV



